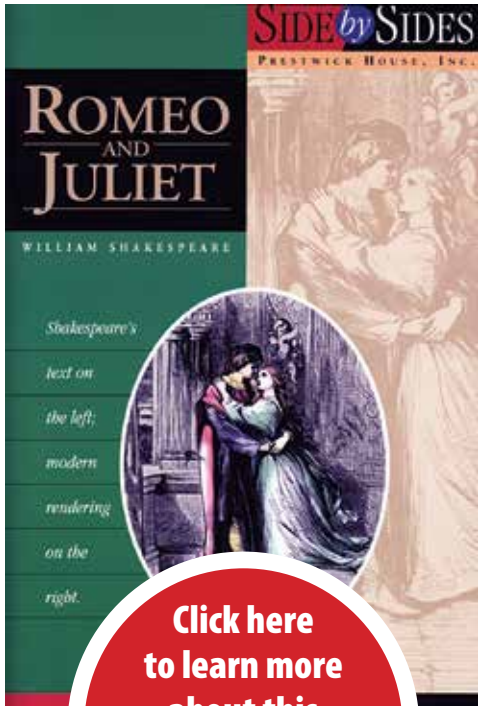




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SCENE II
A Street.

[Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.]

CAP: But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PAR: Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
5 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAP: But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
10 Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR: Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAP: And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
15 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part.
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
20 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
25 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
30 Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

SCENE II
A Street.

[Enter Capulet, County Paris, and Servant—the Clown.]

CAP: *But Montague is bound as well as I by a similar penalty; and it is not hard, I think, for men as old as we are to keep the peace.*

PAR: *You both are honorable, and it is a pity you quarreled so long together. But now, my lord, what do you say to my proposition?*

CAP: *I repeat what I have said before. My child is yet a baby to the world; she is not even fourteen years old. Let two more summers pass before we think her ripe enough to be a bride.*

PAR: *There are younger than she, who are already happily made mothers.*

CAP: *And too soon are they also aged. The earth has swallowed all my hopes except her; she is the hope of my earth. But woo her, gentle Paris, gain her heart; my permission will follow her consent. And if she agrees, to her choice I will add my consent and voice. This night I will hold an old customary feast, to which I have invited many guests and friends I love; and you among that group have been added—most welcome—increasing my numbers. At my poor house tonight look to behold beautiful women, earth-treading stars, that can make the dark heaven light up. Such comforts do lusty young men relish when spring comes on the heel of limping winter. Thus, such delights of fresh female buds shall you see this night at my house. Hear all. See all the girls, after which you may like her most whose merits shall be most, which, in review of many, mine being one, Juliet may stand out in number. Come, go with me. [To Servant, giving him a paper] Go, sir. Trudge about through fair Verona; find those persons whose names are written there, and to them say my house and welcome wait on their pleasure. [Exit Capulet and Paris.]*

ROM: In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MER: O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 60 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 65 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 70 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she 'gallops night by night
 75 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 80 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 85 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 90 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night
 And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,

ROM: *In bed asleep, while they do dream true things.*

MER: *Oh, then I see the fairy queen has been with you. She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes in a shape no bigger than an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, drawn with a team of little beings across men's noses as they lie asleep. Her wagon spokes are made of long spiders' legs; the cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; her braces, of the smallest spider's web; her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams; her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of vapor; her driver, a small grey-coated gnat, not half so big as a round little worm pricked from the lazy finger of a maid; her chariot is an empty hazelnut, made by the carpenter squirrel or an old grub; time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers. And in this way, she gallops night after night through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; over courtiers' knees, that dream of court-sies straight away; over lawyers' fingers, who mostly dream about fees; over ladies' lips, who dream about kisses and who Mab often plagues with blisters because their breaths are tainted with sweetmeats. Sometimes, she gallops over a courtier's nose, and then he dreams of winning a suit; and sometimes, she comes with a pig's tail tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep, and then he dreams of another gift. Sometimes, she drives over a soldier's neck, and then he dreams of cutting foreign throats, of breaches, of ambushes, of Spanish blades, of toasts five fathoms deep; and then at once, he hears drums in his ear, which startle and wake him; and being thus frightened, he swears a prayer or two and sleeps again. This is that very Mab that twists the manes of horses in the night and mats their hair into sloppy tangles, which, when untangled, causes misfortune for men. This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, who presses them and teaches them now to bear children, making them women of good carriage. This is she—*

FRIAR: Benedicite!

35 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distempered head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 40 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art uprous'd with some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM: That last is true—the sweeter rest was mine.

45 FRIAR: God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROM: With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR: That's my good son! But where hast thou been then?

ROM: I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
 50 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me
 That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 55 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR: Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROM: Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
 60 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 65 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR: *Bless you! What tongue sweetly salutes me so early? Young son, it reveals a worried mind to rise so early from your bed. Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, and where care lodges, sleep will never lie. Where a fresh youth with a clear head rests his limbs, however, golden sleep reigns. Therefore, your earliness does convince me that you are kept awake by some problem, or if not, then here I am accurate—our Romeo has not been to bed tonight.*

ROM: *That last is true—the sweeter rest was mine indeed.*

FRIAR: *God pardon sin! Were you with Rosaline?*

ROM: *With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No. I have forgotten that name and that name's suffering.*

FRIAR: *That is good, my son! But where have you been?*

ROM: *I'll tell you before you ask me again. I have been feasting with my enemy, when all of a sudden, a woman wounded me and was wounded by me. Our remedies lie within your help and holy practice. I bear no hatred, blessed man, for my request helps my foe as well as me.*

FRIAR: *Be plain, good son, and be plain in telling your story. A confusing confession finds only riddling forgiveness.*

ROM: *Then, plainly know that my heart's dear love is set on the fair daughter of rich Capulet. As mine is on hers, so hers is set on mine; we are combined, except what you must join by holy marriage. When, where, and how we met, wooed, and exchanged promises, I'll tell you as we talk; but this I ask: that you consent to marry us today.*

25 coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BEN: An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER: The fee simple? O simple!

[Enter Tybalt and others.]

BEN: By my head, here come the Capulets.

30 MER: By my heel, I care not.

TYB: Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den. A word with one of you.

MER: And but one word with one of us?
Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

35 TYB: You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MER: Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB: Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

40 MER: Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

BEN: We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place
And reason coldly of your grievances,
45 Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

Did you not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with another for tying his new shoes with an old ribbon? And yet you will teach me to avoid quarreling!

BEN: If I were as likely to quarrel as you are, any man should take my life within an hour and a quarter, or a simple fee.

MER: The fee simple? Very simple!

[Enter Tybalt and others.]

BEN: By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER: By my heel, I don't care.

TYB: Follow me closely, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good day. A word with one of you.

MER: Only one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB: You shall find me ready enough for that, sir, if you will give me reason.

MER: Could you not find some excuse without me giving one?

TYB: Mercutio, you hang out with Romeo.

MER: Hang out? What, do you make us minstrels? If you make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discord. Here's my fiddlestick; here's what shall make you dance. By God, hang out!

BEN: We are talking here in a public street. Either withdraw unto some private place and speak of your grievances without hatred, or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will.
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II
Capulet's orchard.

[Enter Juliet alone.]

JUL: Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaway eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 15 With thy black mantle till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
 20 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night;
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 25 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day

SCENE II
Capulet's orchard.

[Enter Juliet alone.]

JUL: Gallop quickly, you fiery-footed horses, towards the night! Such a speedy driver as Phaeton would whip you to the West and bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread your concealing curtain, love-performing night, so runaway eyes may be closed, and Romeo will leap into these arms without being talked of or seen by anyone. Lovers can see to do their loving by the light of their own beauties, and, if love is blind, it agrees with night. Come, civil night, you sober-suited lady, all in black, and teach me how to lose this winning match, played by a pair of stainless virgins. Cover my wild blood, waiting in my cheeks, with your black mantle of night. Strange love grows bold, and true love acts with simple modesty. Come, night; come, Romeo; come, turn day into night. You will seem, upon the wings of night, whiter than new snow upon a raven's back. Come, gentle night. Come, loving, black-browed night; give me my Romeo. When he shall die, take him and cut him out in little stars, and he will make the face of heaven so fine that all the world will be in love with night and pay no worship to the garish sun. Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love, but have not yet possessed it. Though I have been sold, I have not yet been enjoyed by Romeo. This day has become as tedious as the night before some festival is to an impatient child who has new clothes and may not wear them. Oh, here comes my Nurse, and she brings news. Every tongue that speaks Romeo's name speaks with heavenly eloquence. *[Enter Nurse, with cords.]* Now, Nurse, what news? What have you there? The cords that Romeo asked you fetch?

JUL: That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

20 PAR: That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JUL: What must be shall be.

FRIAR: That's a certain text.

PAR: Come you to make confession to this father?

JUL: To answer that, I should confess to you.

25 PAR: Do not deny to him that you love me.

JUL: I will confess to you that I love him.

PAR: So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL: If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

30 PAR: Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JUL: The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PAR: Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JUL: That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
35 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PAR: Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland'ered it.

JUL: It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

40 FRIAR: My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

JUL: That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR: That "may" be will be "must" on next Thursday, love.

JUL: What will be, will certainly be.

FRIAR: That's a certain truth.

PAR: Do you come to make confession to this priest?

JUL: If I answered that, I'd be confessing to you.

PAR: Do not deny to him that you love me.

JUL: I will confess to you that I love him.

PAR: You also will, I am sure, confess that you love me.

JUL: If I do so, it will be worth more spoken behind your back, rather than to your face.

PAR: Poor soul, your face is much abused by tears.

JUL: The tears have won only small victory in that, because it was ugly enough before their work.

PAR: You wrong it with more than tears by that speech.

JUL: There is no slander, sir, in a truth, and what I spoke, I spoke to my own face.

PAR: Your face is mine, and you have abused it.

JUL: That may be true, for it is not my own. Do you have time now, holy father, or should I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR: My leisure serves me now, sad daughter; my lord, we must spend some time alone.

ROM: Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
 25 Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper
 And hire posthorses. I will hence to-night.

BAL: I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
 Your looks are pale and wild and do import
 Some misadventure.

30 ROM: Tush, thou art deceiv'd.
 Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do.
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BAL: No, my good lord.

ROM: No matter. Get thee gone
 35 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight. *[Exit Balthasar.]*
 Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,
 40 And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
 In tatt' red weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 45 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
 50 Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 'An if a man did need a poison now
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
 55 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! apothecary!

ROM: *Is it true? Then I defy you, fate! You know my lodging. [To servant] Get me ink and paper and hire horses. I will go there tonight.*

BAL: *I do beseech you, sir, have patience. Your looks are pale and wild and do suggest some danger.*

ROM: *No, you are deceived. Leave me and do the thing I bid you do. Have you no letters for me from the friar?*

BAL: *No, my good lord.*

ROM: *No matter. Leave and hire those horses. I'll be with you straightaway.*
 [Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with you tonight. Let's see how it can be done. Oh, mischief, you are swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men! I remember a pharmacist who dwells around here, who I recently noted wears tattered clothes, is ill-kempt, and gathers herbs. His looks are so thin, as if painful misery had worn him to the bones, and in his meager shop hung a tortoise, a stuffed alligator, and other skins of ill-shaped fishes. On his shelves are a great number of empty boxes, green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds; remnants of string, and old pressed roses were thinly scattered to make up a display. Noting this poverty, I said to myself, "If a man needed a poison whose sale is at present forbidden in Mantua, here lives a slave who would sell it to him." Oh, this same thought occurred to me only shortly before my need of him, and this same needy man must sell it to me. As I remember, this should be the house. Being a holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, hello! Pharmacist!

PRINCE: Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR: I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

235 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
I married them; and their stol'n marriage day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
240 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
245 To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her (so tutored by my art)
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
250 The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
255 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
260 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth
265 And bear this work of heaven with patience;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
270 Her Nurse is privy; and if aught in this

PRINCE: Then say at once what you know about this.

FRIAR: I will be brief, for my short life is not as long as this complicated tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet. She, there dead, was Romeo's
faithful wife. I married them, and their stolen marriage day was Tybalt's
doomsday, whose untimely death caused Romeo to be banished from this
city. It was for Romeo, not for Tybalt, that Juliet wept. To remove that grief
from her, Lord Capulet betrothed her and would have married her to County
Paris. Then she came to me and with wild looks bid me to devise some means
to rid her of this second marriage, or in my cell she would kill herself. I
then gave her a sleeping potion which took effect exactly as I intended, for
it gave her the appearance of death. In the meantime, I wrote to Romeo that
he should come here this night to take Juliet from her borrowed grave, since
by then the potion's force should stop. But he who bore my letter, Friar John,
was stopped by accident and last evening returned my letter. Since Juliet
would be all alone at the predicted hour of her waking, I came to take her
from her family's vault. I intended to keep her close by my cell until I could
conveniently send for Romeo. But when I got here some minutes before the
time of her awaking, I found the noble Paris and Romeo both dead. When she
woke, I begged her to bear her sorrow with patience, but then a noise scared
me from the tomb. She would not go with me but, as it looks, did this violence
on herself. All this I know, and of the marriage her Nurse also knows. If any
of this that went wrong is my fault, let my old life be sacrificed, some hour
before my time, under the penalty of the severest law.

Study Guide

1. Where is this play set?
2. What problem exists in this city?
3. What does the term “star-crossed lovers” suggest?

Act I, Scene 1 - A Street in Verona

1. Sampson and Gregory, servants to the Capulets, are bragging, vulgar-mouthed men who engage in word games. What bawdy comment does Sampson make?
2. What is there about the talk and actual actions of Gregory and Sampson that suggests that they are not as brave and tough as they pretend? Give an example of their actions that contradicts their talk.
3. Who is Benvolio and what does he attempt to do?
4. How does Tybalt, a Capulet, misinterpret Benvolio’s action? What does he say to him?
5. Why is Tybalt considered hot-tempered?
6. What remark of Lady Capulet says something about Lord Capulet’s age and condition?
7. What do you suppose prompts Lady Montague to hold her husband back from the fight?
8. The Prince appears, and he is angry. Why is he angry and what is the promise (or threat) he makes?
9. Lady Montague, glad that Romeo missed the fight, asks Benvolio if he has seen Romeo. What is Benvolio’s response?
10. At this point, what is Lady Montague worried about?
11. Romeo enters and tells Benvolio the problem. What is Romeo’s problem?
12. What is Benvolio’s response?
13. Although both are saddened by unaccepted love, what joke are they able to make?
14. What practical advice does Benvolio give Romeo?